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IN MEMORIAM
HANNAH S. ANDREWS.

1867.

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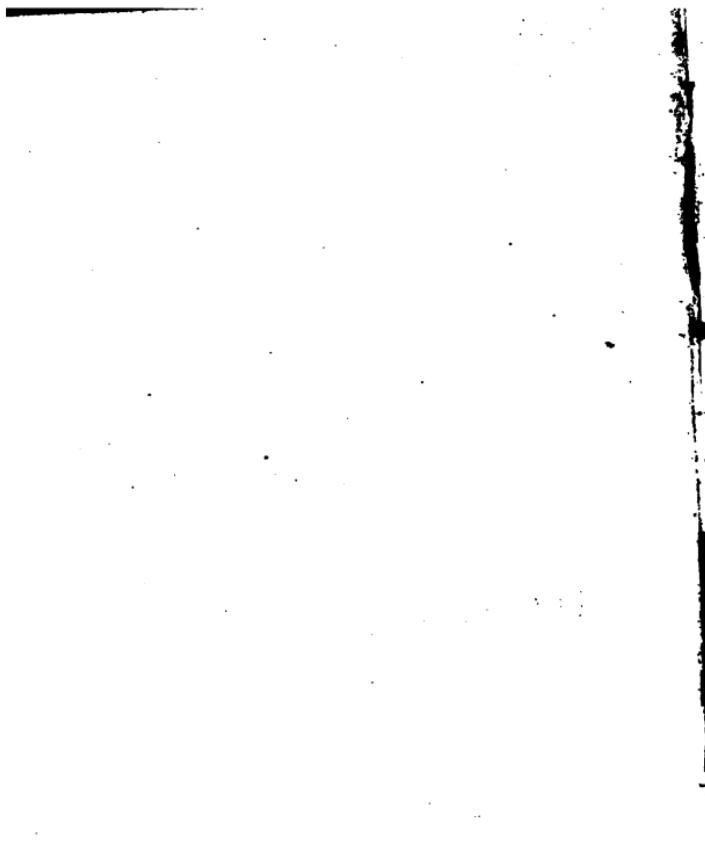
**HISTORY OF MEDICINE
AND NATURAL SCIENCES**

AMERICAN BANK NOTE CO. LTD.













In Memoriam

HANNAH S. ANDREWS.

1867.

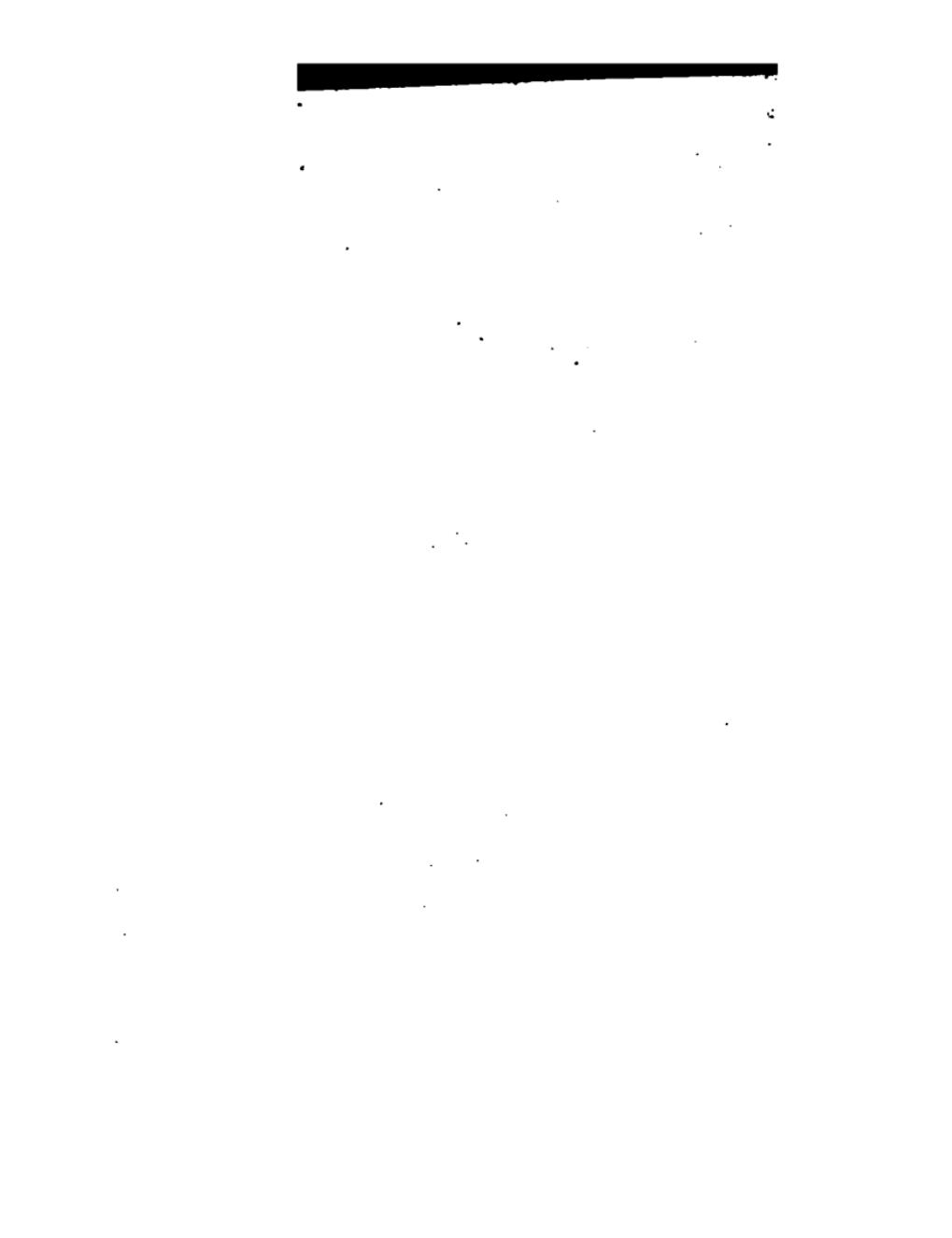










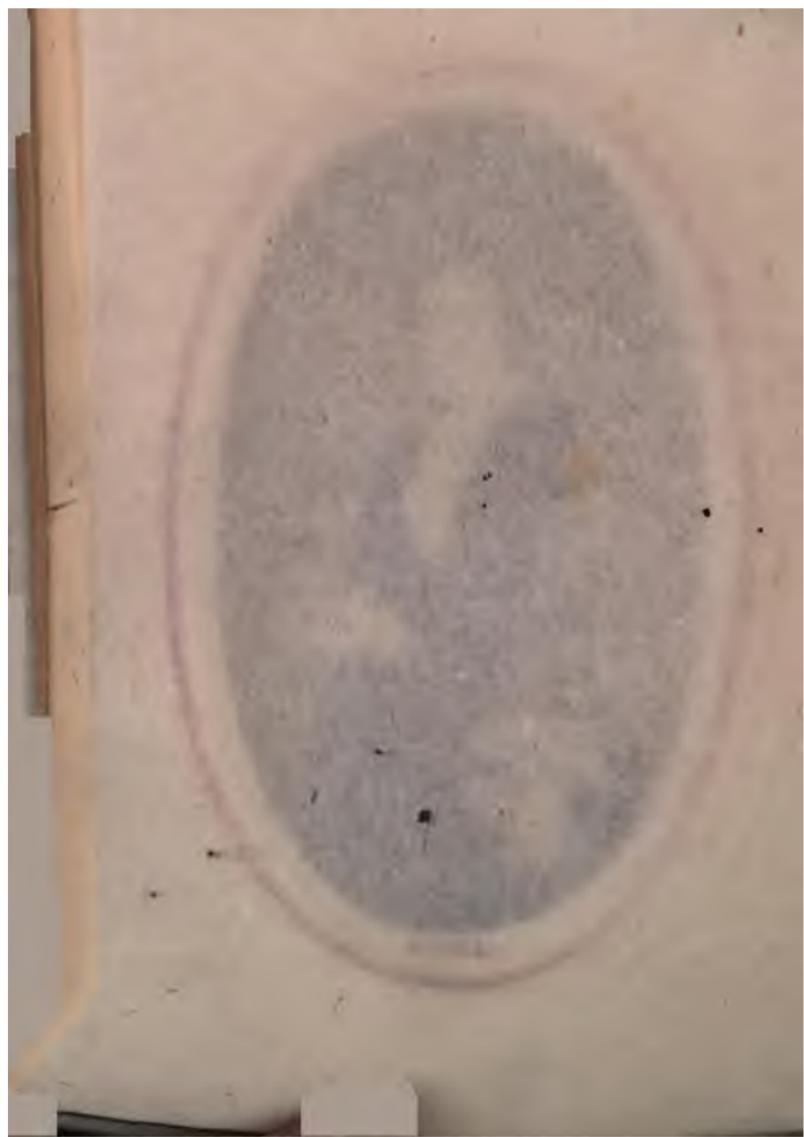


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FROM
SHERIFF BROTHERS'
EUREKA GALLERY,
14 Second St., near Market,
SAN FRANCISCO.
•••••



1854.







1884-7.



“OUR FRIEND.”

In Memoriam

HANNAH S. ANDREWS,
(PHYSICIAN.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1867.

FOR HER FRIENDS.

JOSEPH WINTERBURN & CO., PRINTERS,
417 Clay Street, between Sansome and Battery.



A 513
1867

"Our Friend."

ANDREWS.—In this city, September 17th, Mrs. HANNAH S. ANDREWS, aged 50 years, 9 months, and 5 days.

Funeral services will be held at the Tabernacle Baptist Church, (Rev. Mr. Ludlow) Post Street, between Hyde and Larkin, on Thursday, 19th inst., at 10 o'clock, where all her friends and those of Dr. Bourne are invited to attend, without further notice.

The above announcement in the daily papers of San Francisco, Cal., made tearful eyes and sad hearts for all friends; who, although anticipating the shock for years, found themselves unable to realize it when the Messenger of Death entered her domicil. Particulars of her last illness are sought by so many friends, both personally and by letter, that it is impossible to communicate to each applicant the desired information; and, in addition, of those who heard and of those who did

not hear REV. MR. LUDLOW's discourse on the occasion of the funeral, so many sought and still seek to obtain a copy, that the necessity for going into print was a foregone conclusion within a short period after the decease of MRS. ANDREWS.

All relatives and friends have been aware that during many years past MRS. ANDREWS had suffered, not only *continual* pain, but also that she had been subject to paroxysms of pain of such severity and so long continued that it was thought impossible she could survive them, even as long since as 1858; but her strong constitution and force of will, to the surprise of all who knew the facts, (including several medical gentlemen who had diagnosed her case,) enabled her to resist the inroads of disease, until at last it had conquered the physical outposts, and all nutrition being absorbed to supply abnormal growths, the brain, (source of mind) robbed of support, yielded to exhaustion, and the very act of expiration was the crowning conquest of an intelligence which never before yielded to defeat—never undertook the impossible—and always accomplished what it undertook. Very few persons so perfectly finish up a Life Work as she did, especially a life of such activity and utility. And, as characteristic of my estimation of

her usual energy and indomitable will, I said to her, (only some fifteen days before her decease,) "I believe that if you were standing on the shore of the Mediterranean, and felt that the Rock of Gibralter was in your way, you would be almost inclined to place your shoulder against it and give it a push!" Nothing was too formidable, in her estimation, which human skill, ingenuity and perseverance *could* accomplish.

During several months past MRS. ANDREWS had been subject to frequent and very sharp attacks of excessive pain, to which she was forced to yield for a day, or for a few days at a time, and had felt more acutely than usual the *oppressiveness* of her condition; particularly during the first week of the fifteen days preceding her decease; yet she continued to persevere in her labors. Saturday, Sept. 7, was a trying day, on account of pain, and an unusual amount of duty performed. Sabbath, 8th, strict repose—much relieved. Monday, 9th, about ten o'clock, I said to her, "no work to-day." She quietly replied, "don't talk," and at eleven o'clock was fairly overwhelmed in her usual ministrations, and though obliged to seek relief in frequent short rests, persevered until three o'clock, when a cessation of demands upon her occurring, she laid down to rest—alas! ~~won~~

her dying couch. Tuesday, 10th, great pain and some symptoms never before so acutely distinguished; no disposition to leave her bed. Wednesday, 11th, paroxysms of unusually severe pain, more frequent than heretofore, requiring almost constant attention to mitigate them so as to be at all supportable. Thus passed Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 14th; until late in the afternoon; when, and during the early portion of the evening, she enjoyed a period of comparative ease, and her usual cheerfulness returned, so much so that any friend who was accustomed to see her under similar circumstances would have said, "she will be at her post, as usual, on Monday." Sunday, 15th, about noon, worse than previously, and commenced to utter piteous lamentations for her exceeding great suffering, which continued at intervals until released from all mortal infirmity; the chief exception being on Monday afternoon and evening, 16th; during some hours of which period she saw three friends who called to inquire for her welfare. (She had uniformly refused to permit friends in general to see her when passing through the ordeal of severe suffering, saying, "it is enough that I am so miserable, without making others so in seeing me.") From 6 to 10 o'clock, though there was much unrest, the severe suffering

was unfelt; but after the latter hour, the agony she experienced seemed too great for human endurance, until within about half an hour before she expired—ten o'clock, Tuesday morning, September 17, 1867, being thirteen years and three months, to an hour, after her arrival in San Francisco.

When the monster abnormal growth which sapped the foundation of her life had exhausted sensation, and her brain only seemed alive, (as I now retrospect it,) she became quite calm and quiet, (not more than half an hour's respite,) recognizing the presence of a dear friend who had been summoned, and holding some conversation with her. At nearly ten o'clock that friend was absent from the room some three to five minutes, when she made some friendly remarks, thanking me for my unceasing attentions; then addressing an inquiry concerning some affairs personal to myself, received a satisfactory reply, upon which she said, in a firm and peculiarly pleasant tone of voice, "Oh, isn't that good?" and as the letter "d" passed her lips a very slight gurgitation ensued, she laid her cheek to the pillow, and went away to everlasting rest, so calmly that the friend who heard the last words spoken and witnessed the last act of her life said, "See, she has gone to sleep

now, she will get some rest." My reply was, "Oh! H——, do you not know that she has left us? that she will never speak to you again?" She answered, "Doctor, I have seen her do just so fifty times." Thus passed from among us one whose peculiarity it was to have all her intimate friends among the best of her own sex; and one too, whom all loved; who also loved to speak her praise, and whom to praise (more remarkable still) in the presence of other ladies, never excited an envious or disapproving feeling. In poetic language—

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."

Twelve hours before she expired, say ten o'clock Monday night, being quiet for a few minutes, I said to her, "You are a perfect little heroine, and not afraid of serious matters." "Well, what is it?" she replied. "Do you think there is any chance of your setting out on your long journey this time?" The answer was, "I don't know, I think it is very doubtful;" which would have been followed by further remarks had it not been for the recurrence of the paroxysms of severe pain, which was too slightly intermittent to allow conversation; in fact the unceasing efforts to mitigate and relieve rendered any attempt to converse almost nugatory.

Yet about four years ago she seemed nearer a fatal termination than in this instance.

As calmly as she would have conversed about the arrangements for a dinner party for her friends, she several years since directed a *post mortem* examination, and selected the surgeon, Dr. A. F. SAWYER, (with an alternate,) to perform the autopsy, (dissection) giving directions to extend invitations to all other medical gentlemen who had courteously investigated her case, and permitting additional invitations to Dr. SAWYER and myself at discretion. She decided upon this course, as there had been differences of opinion which could only be properly and satisfactorily settled for all parties by an autopsy; primarily in the behest of science; next for the satisfaction of relatives and friends. The subject was many times alluded to and the intention confirmed, she sometimes remarking, "I wish I could be present and witness the operation." Her case presented many remarkable features, and the autopsy was an interesting event to a number of medical gentlemen present, and was performed in the most able and successful manner by the surgeon of her choice, Dr. SAWYER. She not only lived a most useful life, but added to the obligations of her species that she cheerfully and willingly utilized herself afterward.

REPORT OF THE AUTOPSY.

DOUBLE CYSTIC DEGENERATION OF THE OVARIES.

BY HENRY GIBBONS, JR. M. D., (LATE U. S. A.)

I recently had the opportunity of witnessing an autopsy in a case of ovarian cystic disease. The following account, written at the time, is transcribed from my note book:

Mrs. H. S. ANDREWS, aged nearly fifty-one years, of abstemious habits, using no spirituous drinks, tea or coffee, or animal food for many years, being in fact for a long time a consistent vegetarian, suffered in early life from disease, said to be of the liver, for which she was severely ptyalized. [Salivated.] In 1855, she first felt severe pain in the abdomen, which recurred in 1857 and 1858, the paroxysms lasting from a few hours to days, and being accompanied with sensations of weight in the abdomen. These paroxysms continued to increase in severity, and in 1859 a tumor was first observed. It increased in size for six years, since when, *until within a recent period*, it had been apparently

stationary. Mrs. ANDREWS was fully impressed with the belief that two tumors existed, and during the past few years was accustomed to point out the locality where she felt the second "bunch coming." The menstrual function was regularly carried on until its total cessation, about three years since.

Autopsy.—performed by Dr. SAWYER.—Body much emaciated; tumor very prominent, the most projecting portion being in the umbilical region. On median section, firm adhesions of the tumor and abdominal parietes, [walls,] for the area of the third of a square foot were discovered. These being divided, the mass was raised from its position, when a second tumor was found filling the cavity of the pelvis. The former arose from the right ovary, the latter was supposed to be degenerated fibrous tumor or tumors involving the uterus. [Womb.] Both were composed of many cysts, [sacs,] containing fluid of various degrees of fluidity and translucency.

Being permitted to take the tumors with me, I was enabled to examine them at my leisure. The first and largest presented much the shape and appearance of an enormously distended stomach. It arose from the right ovary, and consisted of three main cysts, besides several

smaller ones, all containing a thick, ropy, viscid fluid, so filled, with what the microscope showed to be pus-cells, as to make it opaque and of a dirty yellowish color. Its tissue was white, fibrous, inelastic, dense and strong, and varied from the sixteenth to the fourth of an inch in thickness. The interior of the cysts showed evidence of recent inflammatory action. Their dependant portions contained sedimentary masses of the consistency of butter. The quantity of water which was required to fill these cysts amounted to a hundred ounces; the whole mass *in situ* weighing probably about nine pounds.

The second tumor, which filled the pelvic cavity, weighed upward of six pounds. Careful examinations showed that the uterus was not involved—that the tumor was indeed cystic disease of the left ovary, which had been forced, probably by the other mass, to occupy the cavity of the pelvis, and had thus pushed the uterus out of position. The uterus was intact, its canal and cavity pervious and normal; the fallopian tubes were readily traced to their fimbriated extremities, and, together with the round and broad ligaments, (which were easily found,) were in a healthy condition but greatly lengthened, the tubes being six and eight inches

long. The cysts comprising this pelvic tumor were more than a dozen in number, and varied in capacity from a drachm to a pint. They contained every variety of fluid, from the thin translucent straw-colored, to the thick viscid translucent, and the thick viscid opaque, (from admixture of pus,) the latter always showing evidences of inflammatory action. The largest was situated behind and to the left of the uterus, which organ was pushed to the right and seemed to form part of the wall of the cyst.

Attached to the tumor of the left side was an additional cyst the size of a small fist, having a thin translucent sac and filled with a dark straw-colored, thin fluid. Near it was still another minute cyst, not over half an inch long and attached by a slender pedicle, an inch in length.



RÉSUMÉ.

In particularizing as I have, it is because all friends will be gratified to learn how she passed toward and through the "Valley of the Shadow of Death;" and because almost all "hearts"—all noble "hearts"—

"warmed toward" her; even on sight or short acquaintance; and this is forcibly brought to mind by an instance in which a lady stranger, in reply to my inquiry how she was pleased with her treatment, replied, "Delightful as are your baths, Dr. Bourne, they are nothing in comparison with the priceless treasure you have in that dear lady."

As a representative note, and as illustrating the general tone of sympathy, I present the following for its brief but certain expression:

ABCATA, HUMBOLDT BAY, CAL., }
October 6th, 1867. }

DR. BOURNE—Dear Sir :—When the news of MRS. ANDREWS death first reached me I was wholly unwilling to credit it, until further confirmation by your enclosure left no room for a doubt. I feel that I have lost a dear and valued friend, and my heart is weighed down with heaviness when I think that one so useful, so brimfull of human kindness, so much needed and so much loved, is no more. She has left many friends to whom her loss is great ; and we can only mourn and hope that our loss is her gain.

As one of MRS. ANDREWS' friends, please accept my sympathy, and believe me to be

Respectfully yours,

Mrs. J. A. D.

The kind writer of the preceding note will pardon the *use* made of it.

A lady—a former patient—in acknowledging the receipt of the information of decease says: “Blessed woman, she was a prize among rubies.”

Another lady says: “My Dear Friend:—Your sad letter has just been received. I will not attempt to describe our emotions in reading it; but we feel that a woman of rare excellence and loveliness of character has left this world. Most deeply do we sympathize with you in this heavy blow.”

I will be excused in making known the fact that a lady friend in an Eastern city sent a message to Mrs. ANDREWS that she intended to tender her an invitation to visit her at her home, and to be returned to California when she should wish it—all at her own charge—if she would accept it, (a sterling evidence of friendship and appreciation); but the intimation did not reach her ears. The fact I have learned since her decease.

From a former gentleman patient. He says: “Yours at hand announcing the death of my friend and well wisher. Doctor, I mourn our loss. Ever since I became acquainted with Mrs. ANDREWS I looked upon her as a most excellent woman, one who treated me with (I felt,) more respect than I deserved. I passed a miserable life for many years, and at last, when I tried

to look up again, *she* was the one who was not ashamed to come and sit by me and speak gently to me. How few such persons are to be found in this unfeeling world. I think I can even now see her as she opened the parlor door and bade me good morning; even the sound of her voice, whether of extreme suffering, or words of kindness, is as perfect as if it was only yesterday I had parted with her."

I met a shopkeeper with whom she had had business transactions, who had been absent some months. His first inquiry was for MRS. ANDREWS, and when I answered, "She has gone from among us;" he said, "Gone!" (his eyes filling with tears and his voice tremulous with emotion,) "why she was the best woman who ever lived."

Less I would not say; more I will not add, than to remark that among all who knew her, in all ranks and conditions, the universality of sentiment in relation to her, shows an appreciation quite as remarkable as the subject herself, who calls it forth.

From a review of all the occurrences of the afternoon of Monday, September 16, I am now satisfied that MRS. ANDREWS had a clear perception of the fact that her "*hours were numbered;*" yet so unselfish, so tender was

she of inflicting pain, that the only remark giving any intimation of her feelings was the "doubt;" but that was too general to excite serious attention under the circumstances. As for herself, for years she had been prepared and longed for the moment of departure, only feeling for those from whom she must part; therefore all was peace within.

With the Psalmist I think she could say, "Oh! God, my heart is fixed!" for I find in a diary commenced in 1852, December 12, the following: "Thirty-six to-day. And what has been my life? Pleasure and sadness, as with all others, I find. May I from this day, now and henceforth, live a more useful life; live more to my God and Father, never forgetful of his bounties and watchfulness."

Illustrative of another feature in the character of Mrs. ANDREWS was the style of books she read, and the tone of the selections of fugitive newspaper pieces. One which I picked up at random reads as follows:

LITTLE ECONOMIES.

These are the salvation of a man and the solidification of his character. Many despise them, being so small; and they are lost. Many essay them for a time, but have no tenacity to hold them to their resolution, and finally give them over in disgust. And the

few thriftless, shiftless, helpless, friendless and thoroughly out-at-the toes persons whose airs are a great deal too nice and fine for the practice of what they style the three-cent virtues and arts, are the very ones whom nothing will enlighten on this subject save bitter experience, and then it will most likely be too late to be of much use.

But economy is a kind of inheritance, after all. It is a habit which it takes one a very long while to acquire. If it begins to develop itself as a habit in youth, the young person may consider himself reasonably happy, for he is certainly safe. None of the minor virtues tell in their daily operations like this. As the little insect builds up the mighty coral reefs in time, on which islands rest and continents find permanent abutments, so the little virtue of economy in due time constructs for a person a fortune—perhaps not always of mere money—that it is well worth a life time to establish.

A happy writer declares, from his own observation, that he knows men who live better upon five hundred a year than others upon two thousand. He says he knows of very poor persons, who bear about with them in everything a sense of fitness and nice arrangement, which makes their lives artistic. There are day laborers who go home to more real comfort of neatness, arrangement and propriety in their single snug room, than is found in the lordly dwellings of many millionaires. And blessings—he adds gratefully—be on their good angel of economy, which wastes nothing, and yet is not sordid in saving; that lavishes nothing, and yet is not parsimonious in giving; that spreads out a little *with the blessing* of taste upon it, which, if it does not multiply

the provision, more than makes up in the pleasure given. Let no man, therefore, despise economy. It is the life of life itself. God himself is the most rigid of all economists.

MRS. ANDREWS was a devotee to science, and ardently espoused all movements which tended to ameliorate the condition of the human family. She possessed a remarkably sound judgment and discrimination, giving her promptitude and decision in action; fine constructive and mechanical talents, and an inventive skill, which in all things were so conspicuous that her intimate friends always said, "She can do everything;" and in every dilemma sought her aid and counsel. As a physician to her sex she had but few equals—no superior.

As a provider of a vegetarian table for my patients during many years, and as *chef de cuisine*, MRS. ANDREWS exhibited the same skill she did in everything else. In that she never had her equal—never will be excelled. So varied the style and so exquisite were the combinations and preparation of her articles of food, so free from the abominations of the condiments in universal use and the "grease" so lavishly employed by others, she made her dishes withal so savory, that she won over to plain vegetarian habits the debased and gross appetites of a life-time; and the following became an almost

stereotyped remark among my patients: "What shall I do when I leave you? I never will find such another table!"

Strangers to MRS. ANDREWS might say, "Why, this lady was a very paragon of perfection"—intending an ironical understanding; but those who knew her best will accept the proposition as summing up in one short sentence the excellences of her whole character.

As she directed an autopsy to clear up doubts and obscurity in her physical state, for the benefit of science and gratification of friends, I feel at liberty to make this opportunity further available to extend her usefulness in the extraordinary means she furnished for comparing the *dictum* of Phrenology with a *Life Record*, known to all her friends, everywhere.

A wise caterer for a literary banquet will reserve his choicest morsel until the last. In like manner I offer to her friends, (few of whom ever heard of them,) the Phrenological Synopses of the mentality of MRS. ANDREWS by the parties to whom they are accredited, with the dates on which they were given, and conclude with the truly eloquent and eminently just epitome of her Life History, by the REV. MR. LUDLOW.

If the connection between Phrenology and Facts is

not established on the one hand by its *deductions* in her case; and on the other by the *verifications* of her lie—then is Phrenology not worthy the name of science, and *facts and history* are but *fictions*.

The constant companion in labor in the great Health (or Medical) Reform to which we had devoted ourselves, we accepted in a literal sense SOUTHEY's beautiful allegory:

“Most blessed water!” neither tongue can tell
The blessedness thereof, nor heart can think,
Save only those to whom it hath been given
To taste of that divinest gift of Heaven.

I stooped and drank of that divinest well,
Fresh from the Rock of Ages where it ran.
It had a heavenly quality to quell
All pain; I rose a renovated man;
And would not now, when that relief was known,
For worlds the needful suffering have foregone.”

As father, brother, friend, physician, nurse—during all the years of her trying ailment—known to all and knowing all who knew MRS. ANDREWS—I feel that I am in familiar speech (so to say,) to those who loved her well; and who, not caring or stopping to criticize, love the matter which, in perusal, brings her back fresh to

memory; and the "manner," while it offends not against truth, will scarcely be thought of. All who knew her intimately will love to remember her while life and reason remain; will remember her for her worth, and as offering an example which, if worthily followed, would secure to all the meed of praise and love so willingly rendered to our loved friend.

TESTIMONIAL.

Many lady friends having interchanged opinions, have decided that their friend shall receive the last public testimonial of regard they can bestow, in a suitable enclosing of the plot of ground containing the remains of MRS. ANDREWS, and a monument which shall mark the spot to which so many thoughts will for their life time turn.

It is designed to uncover the work on the twelfth day of December, which would have been her fifty-first birth-day, if living; in fact that is the time appointed, and the work will be consummated as of that date, *should unfavorable weather delay its completion.*

OUR FRIEND.

The grandfather and brother were of the Masonic fraternity—Masters, both—and for that and other satisfactory reasons I preferred the Masonic cemetery. In selecting a location, I placed myself on a pleasing spot and asking for the name of the avenue and the number of the lot, found it was 44, HOPE AVENUE, a gratifying coincidence to myself at the time and to every friend who has since learned the fact; all recognizing its fitness for her who was always HOPEFUL! Commanding a view of the coast, including Punta de los Reyes, and oceanward to the farthest stretch of vision—the everlasting hills of Contra Costa; Mount Diablo; the southern portion of the city and bay; old Tamalpais and the headlands of Marin County, and the peninsula, friends who are familiar with our localities will feel that even to her last resting place was extended the care and attention which was the solace of her latter years, and to which she owed also their extension so far beyond all calculation of human endurance.

The monument will be a plain obelisk with appropriate base and tablet of a pure granite; in height thirteen feet, and from its position will be an attractive object, where friends will often, and many a stranger, read the following approved inscription:

HANNAH S. ANDREWS,

(PHYSICIAN,)

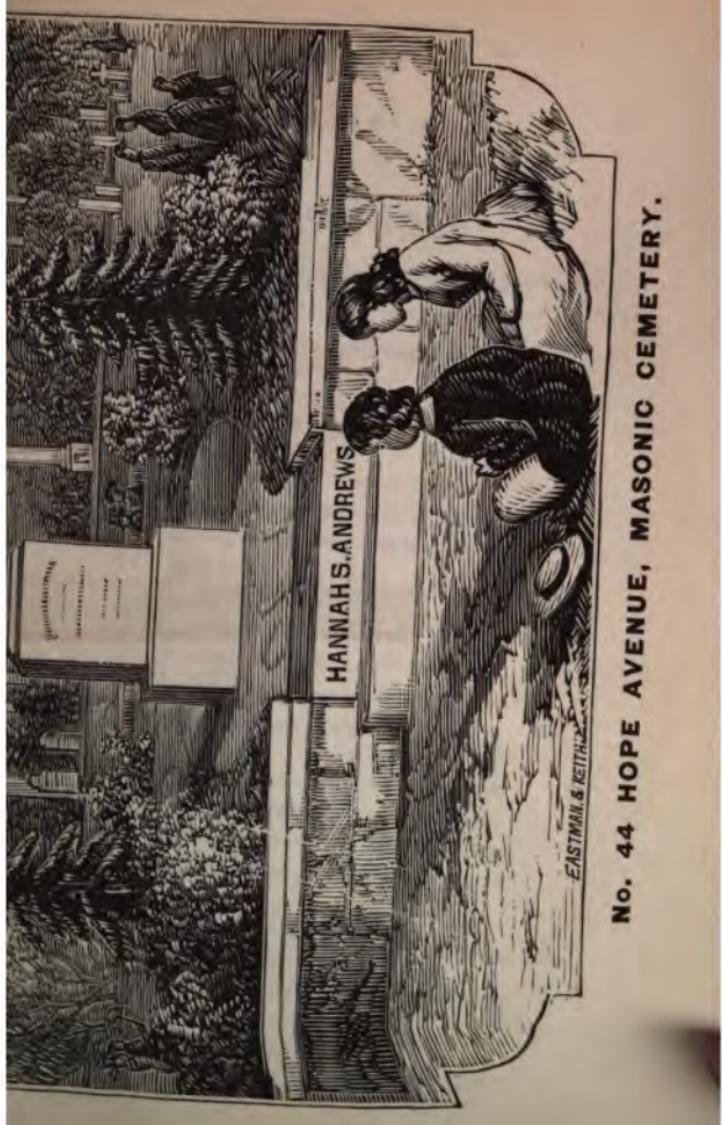
Came at Bridgeton, Maine, Dec. 12th, 1816; remained
fifty years, nine months, five days; and went
from San Francisco, Sept. 17th, 1867.

This Plain
But Perfected and Enduring Testimonial, (so
Emblematic of her Life and Works,)
Is erected by Friends, of her own Sex, to commemorate
Her Virtues and Her Worth,
In Intelligence, Benevolence, and Untiring Efforts
to do Good.

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."







NO. 44 HOPE AVENUE, MASONIC CEMETERY.



•

A LADY FRIEND

Contributes the following beautiful lines, which are led in this connection; and if their import can be lized it must cheer all who accept it.

THE LOVED, THOUGH WEPT, ARE NEVER LOST.

O hearts that never cease to yearn,
O brimming tears that ne'er are dried,
The dead, though they depart, return
As if they had not died.

The living are the only dead,
The dead live, never more to die;
And often *when we mourn them fled,*
They never were so nigh.

And though they lie beneath the waves,
Or sleep within the churchyard dim,
(Ah! through how many different graves
God's children go to Him,))

Yet every grave gives up its dead
Ere it is overgrown with grass:
Then why should hopeless tears be shed,
Or need we cry alas!

Or why should memory, veiled in gloom,
And like a sorrowing mourner craped,
Sit weeping o'er an empty tomb
Whose captive has escaped.

'Tis but a mound, and will be mossed
Whene'er the summer grass appears.
The loved, though wept, are never lost;
We only lose our tears.

Nay, hope may whisper with the dead,
By bending forward where they are;
But memory, with a backward tread,
Holds commune from afar.

The joys we lose are but forecast,
And we shall find them all once more;
We look behind us for the past,
But lo! 'tis all before!

Associated with MRS. ANDREWS as I have been during her life in California, it has been frequently suggested, and the suggestion has been approved by all, therefore I adopt it, viz.: to make myself more fully known to all our friends by adding the following synopsis of my *mentality*, as furnished by two of the most distinguished

living phrenologists. Our friends, nearly all of whom are believers in the science of Phrenology, (if they do not believe in "feelers" of heads, who often disgrace themselves and discredit the cause,) will be pleased to know just who and what I am, as taught by their favorite science; and as the number of believers must always increase until it is universally accepted, these synopses will stand as evidences forever, with them.

Following my own will be found those of Mes. ANDREWS, and the Discourse, by REV. MR. LUDLOW, in conclusion.

G. M. BOURNE,

Water Cure Physician.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., DECEMBER, 1867.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER
OF
D R . G . M . B O U R N E .

BY L. N. FOWLER, NEW YORK, FEB. 22, 1854.

[In justice to Prof. FOWLER it must be stated that this synopsis was written from a numbered chart, and not from the cranium direct, or it would have been more copious and complete.]

Dr. G. M. BOURNE:—You have a brain of rather large size and a strongly marked organization. You possess in a very high degree the qualities that give activity, excitability and durability. You find it difficult to keep quiet and take life in an easy, passive manner. You enjoy excitement; are somewhat inclined to extremes, and unless you are quite constantly employed are apt to *give up* to a desperate feeling that wants to do some-

thing extraordinary by way of giving vent to the accumulated vitality you have on hand. One fault of yours may arise from having too much susceptibility and intensity of mind, leading you to enjoy or to suffer in too distinct a manner, so that you notice little things and imperfections, and want everything more perfectly developed or done, than many.

Your phrenology indicates that your character, as a whole, is quite positive, and that you take strong ground for or against; where you are a friend you are a very devoted one, and make many sacrifices for those you love, and are disposed to follow your love. There is not necessarily a singling out of particular persons and devoting yourself exclusively to the few; you may prove true and permanent to those whom you had selected; still, your sympathies, joined with your judgment, lead you to easily become interested in others and to enjoy their society. You are warm hearted in your feelings as a companion—are naturally gallant and interested in woman and also in children, and are much concerned in their welfare.

You have strongly developed local attachments; want a place you can call your own home. Your thoughts and feelings are more intense than protracted. It is

more difficult for you to carry out a process of thought or feeling than it is to bring your mind to a focus; and you are liable often to be impatient and restless. You appear to have considerable force and energy of mind; are quick to resist encroachments; are apt to debate and discuss subjects, and you cannot easily submit to dictation; are liable to feel yourself trifled with if opposed in your views. You enjoy the pleasures of the table highly; can be governed by judgment in the selection of food, still to partake of that which you like is to you a great luxury.

You have but moderate economy. Your judgment may lead you to save for the future, but if you followed your inclinations you would spend as fast as you made money; in fact have not enough of the saving disposition. You are wanting in tact and management; are open hearted and free spoken; have a fair degree of cautiousness and forethought; are generally prudent in your movements, but not so discreet in your speech. You are exceedingly sensitive to praise and blame; you feel the remarks of others very forcibly; are naturally polite and affable; at times more so than necessary. You put yourself to too many inconveniences for the sake of those whom you like. You need more circum-

spection, balance of mind and uniformity of feeling; are liable to allow your feelings to manifest themselves without due measure or sufficient reference to time. You are not dignified, although quite independent; are not proud or haughty, still you dislike very much to be under obligation. Very firm in your purposes when your mind is fairly made up, you may yet show considerable vascillation before you have fairly decided.

Your regard for the higher obligations is strong, and also your regard for the general principles of christianity, but you place comparatively no value on human law; you estimate it in proportion as it appears to be founded on reason and justice. You have very strong hopes and anticipations; are very much inclined to look on the bright side and to see the chances in your favor. Your plans are all large and extravagant; you are not content to do ordinarily well. You would do well to restrain the influence of hope somewhat and live within bounds.

You doubt everything, but are open to the truth, whatever it may be. You have a fair degree of respect for what you consider sacred, but are not very devotional. Generally speaking you are democratic rather than aristocratic in your feelings; disposed to put all

on a level, rather than elevate some and depress others. Your sympathies are liable to be too impulsive, and at times have too much influence over you. You have very good mechanical powers. Constructiveness, connected with other faculties, gives you unusual ability to make; to devise ways and means; and great versatility of talent. It makes but little difference what you do, where you can do one thing about as well as another.

You are very fond of the beautiful. Have an almost excessive desire to perfect and improve whatever you do. You have a vast imagination; more than common scope of mind and disposition to amplify. Are fond of oratory and display in speaking and everything pertaining to the grand and sublime in nature. You enjoy the mirthful and the witty.

Your perceptive intellect is predominant. Observation, sense of order, judgment of the laws of gravity, local memory, and memory of events, are all quite prominent and particularly influential in the formation of your character, as relating to the study of the sciences and the collection of general information. Your other perceptive faculties are all full, and not much behind in their manifestation. You are more rapid than copious in conversation, yet find no difficulty in expressing

yourself. You are strongly inclined to compare, to notice discrepancies, and to see the fitness and adaptation of things one to another; are too much of a critic; are well nigh hypercritical. Comparison is too active in its development. You also have a very active perception of character; are intuitive in your discernment of motives; hence you form likes and dislikes at the first appearance.

Your causality has fair influence, but does not lead off in the intellectual development. You are very fond of music and are quite a critic of musical performances. Taking all things into account, you are a singular, peculiar, remarkable man. It will not be easy, however, for you to bring all your powers to bear consistently and harmoniously; but you will show the various powers of your mind in various channels, as occasions may develop them. Your greatest fault would arise from your inability to control your powers so as to use them to your own advantage. In other words, your secretiveness is not large enough to make you sufficiently politic; to which may be added, deficient acquisitiveness, rendering you careless as to pecuniary consequences to result from your actions or expressions of opinion in all cases where principle is concerned and you are satisfied.

you are right. What you believe to be the truth must find utterance, though it may be to your prejudice.

BY PROF. NELSON SIZER,

APRIL 24, 1854.

DR. G. M. BOURNE:—Your physical constitution is one of a thousand for a harmonious combination of power, endurance and activity; and though excitable, that excitability never unmans you. You are always yourself, and cool in times of greatest emergency.

You are from a long lived family, or have inherited the long lived elements of half a dozen sound, healthy families. There is a great amount of recuperative power, and we rarely find a person of such animal strength who is so slightly animal mentally. You have a few small faculties, and they constitute blemishes in your character. You have too little of that selfishness which places number one first.

You are too frank; too truthful and unbending in your views of duty and principle; hardly conservative enough to get along smoothly, and if you have a good

chance to make money are not selfish enough to improve it. You ought to have some real estate with a mortgage on it requiring annual payments, to absorb the money your talents are able to make.

You enjoy mechanical philosophy, theoretically and practically, and might succeed well as an engineer. You would like the surveys, the general planning, and the inventive part, better than the mere clerical drudgery of carrying out problems. You would be a better mathematician than arithmetician. You have order and method not only in your feelings but in your actions and range of thought; are quick in perception; good in memory, and critical in your analytical reasoning power. You must have everything just right, or it will not do at all.

You have good judgment of character, and love to study minds better than anything else. You worship nature, and if you see nature's God at all, it is by looking through nature. You should have more veneration, and more of that credulity which accepts plausible propositions from respectable sources without so much of the "doubting Thomas" spirit; but when you do know a thing for yourself, or when you think you know from evidence, not all the powers that be or that are

dreamed of, could knock you from the track. It is well for you that you had not been of the old covenanters or Huguenots, for you are so tenacious of what you deem to be right that you sacrifice position, profit, standing and convenience for the sake of an abstract idea; and, though social, ardent, polite, affable, bending and disposed to yield for the sake of courtesy, you are too stringent and obstinate to be a pleasant opponent.

You expect the good, and are willing to plant acorns from which to raise ship timber, to build a ship, in which to enter as midshipman and rise to be an admiral, which gives pretty long scope for hope; but it is that which looks onward, not that which is disposed to bask in the sun of present achievements; not that which says, "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" are a natural pioneer, because you can afford to wait for the stumps to rot out.

You are not an austere, pompous man. You dictate to other people with modesty, unless you have a right to control; then indeed, you are not tyrannical but have a high order of self respect, and can work your way into high society and "hold up your head."

You need more continuity to give connectedness to *your thoughts and actions*. There is a little too much

love of variety, but when your mind is fully settled and your resolution will, judgment and conscience are called up, you can face the northwest wind from the Atlantic to Oregon without dodging.

You have the love of life, large. You want to be the last man on "God's foot-stool," and then step aside and see what becomes of it.

You are a natural worker; a great walker; seldom seek the easiest way, except as a philosopher, to do a thing. You wait upon yourself and say, "come boys." Your destructiveness gives thoroughness and efficiency and a stiff nerve. You could perform a surgical operation; and then, in reading a tender, touching tale of female childhood and suffering, weep like a girl. You are tender-hearted at times, and at other times lion-hearted. The tender and refined, however, prevail.

Your benevolence gives you not only gratitude but sympathy. You never forget a favor, nor forget suffering. You have failed to say no, and lent yourself poor, or lent your last five dollars, which made you poor, more than once. You are a natural philanthropist. You want to work the world over into new forms and conditions, and if you are not a little more worldly

wise, you will wear out your plow and teams tilling the moral world for others to reap the harvest.

You would make one of the best nurses for the sick to be found. Are a natural nurse and doctor.

You have a good degree of watchfulness, and a kind of sagacity which tells what is bad and good, instinctively, and you incline to be on the alert; still you are neither timid nor sly.

You are sensitive to the good opinion of the reputable and the good, and feel badly if men misjudge your motives. You care less if they disrelish your opinions, but your motives are sacred. You have a sharp and large development of conscientiousness, which gives a tone of right for its own sake; and you have but one policy, namely, honesty, and if that does not carry you through you will "cave in." If you could make the laws of a State you never would violate them yourself, and your respect for human law is measured by your sense of what is proper and right; the rest you might observe so that "the world might not take occasion against you," but you would not do it from any respect to the law; in short, no human law is respectable to you or worthy of being observed unless it is based on righteousness and *sound sense*; and you would be one among the first,

like JOHN HANCOCK, to sign a remonstrance against anything which warred on the rights or the liberties of the human race.

You love the beauties of nature. You enjoy fine poetry and fine speaking.

You have warm social sympathies; strong attachment to woman, but too much respect for yourself and for her to be gross in that love or licentious in your tendencies. You despise a vulgar man and detest an immodest woman. You are fond of home, yet enjoy traveling. Are fond of old friends, yet are facile in making new ones.

You enjoy the vast, and can describe that which is more rough, earnest and real, rather than that which is gaudy and fanciful.

Language is quite good, and when aroused and interested you can talk with freedom; otherwise you use the pen to better advantage.

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“The Good are Immortal.”

BURKE.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER

OF

M R S . H . S . A N D R E W S .

By PROF. NOYES WHEELER, 1840.

She has a head much above the common size, and very fine and active brain. Her physical organization is rather delicate, which gives her great activity and sprightliness of mind and body, but less endurance.

Her head is beautifully shaped indeed. Her moral and intellectual faculties predominate over her propensities; hence her warfare is not severe "between the flesh and the spirit." She would possess goodness, morality and virtue; will have a love for moral and

in intellectual pursuits; is amiable and sentimental; fond of religion and piety, but lacks some more of the propensities to drive forward her moral and intellectual operations. Although she is quite busy and active she often experiences a want of force and energy to effect her purposes and plans.

She is no hypocrite; tells the truth; means well; very industrious and economical; cannot endure to see waste; gathers up the fragments. She is very careful what she does, but sometimes imprudent in speaking. Is no tale-bearer; not deceitful. She is decided and determined; can be depended upon; not fickle. Has fine talents; can plan and execute well; not afraid of work; possesses excellent taste; neat and particular; choice in the selection of friends; thinks well of herself; extremely benevolent and indulgent; attachments strong and ardent for friends. She will place a high estimate upon the opposite sex and be a devoted lover and not insensible to their charms; possesses more of the platonic affection than of sexual love; of pure and sentimental friendship than of merely animal feelings; will be contented with individual attachment; no coquette. She can be warranted. In fine she is just what she appears to be.

By DR. BOURNE, 1852.

After the lapse of twelve years, and though attended by much physical suffering—with slight verbal differences—I endorse most emphatically Mr. Wheeler's sound judgment of this lady's mental manifestations. And now, looking forward to an improved and renovated physical being, she will fully prove the foregoing to be her true character. [MRS. ANDREWS was the victim of medical practice, and never experienced a day of really healthy enjoyment after she was about sixteen years old. No doubt exists in my mind but that primarily, all her suffering through life, and the tumors which caused her death, originated from that iniquitous mode of practice which teaches the poisoning of the human system by medicine under pretense of restoring lost health.—DR. B., 1867.]

By O. S. FOWLER, 1852.

Have deteriorated some within a few years; something has occurred to sadden you—can't tell what. All the mind and soul of the true woman; still, are a little wrecked. Admirably endowed by nature, but deficient in amativeness; more of a true woman if it was more

fully developed; should think you were improving by mere force of mind.

Have a tough constitution. Have the strongest and warmest love for home and friends; a great deal of energy and courage; great economy; saving, frugal and industrious. Good appetite. Considerable severity. Large firmness, but not one particle too large. Are open, sincere, candid. Love of praise is most too large; can have great influence over people. Conscience large. One of the most benevolent of women. A woman of very fine taste; full of ideas; not over mirthful; very fond of knowledge; express yourself admirably; great language; superior business talents; discrimination one of the finest points in your character.

• BY L. N. FOWLER, 1854.

You have a predominance of the mental temperament and your mind appears to have the ascendancy in power over your bodily functions. You have had too much to do; your mind has been occupied beyond its real strength, so that your physical strength has been somewhat impaired by a too great exercise of the mind; and you may have commenced too young before your

constitution was fully developed, and in this way failed to get the amount of vital stock you otherwise would have done. You need more of the vital temperament for a good balance of organization. Now the nourishing portion of the system is not equal to the exhausting, so that you lack strength to carry out your plans, and you take upon yourself more labor than you are able continually to perform. You need much recreation and social enjoyment so as to relieve the mind and give it quiet and ease. You ought to mingle in society considerably to gain the freshness of mind which you can get from no other source.

You have an elevated tone of mind and cannot very well enjoy yourself in the ordinary channels of life; and especially, you cannot enjoy yourself with the multitude. You are disposed to select your friends; to have a few, and appreciate them, rather than to mix in society familiarly. You are very particular who your friends are, and frequently have gone without having any rather than not have just those you wanted. You enjoy yourself mostly on intellectual and moral subjects; and if you had your strongest wish gratified, you would devote yourself to the accumulation of knowledge and the development of moral character.

You are known among your friends for the following qualities: first, your sympathies are strong and active, your feelings tender and easily moved, and though you should not give your money so freely, yet you give your services and sympathies. Secondly, you are very prone to inquire into the causes of things; want to know the reasons, whys and wherefores; think too much, and want to know more than you can. Thirdly, you are very much given to criticism; apt to notice inconsistencies, and have good talents to analyse and describe. You have a desire to perfect and improve whatever you do, and your comparison leads you to notice imperfections where others would not. You are intuitive in your perceptions of motives and character; form your impressions of persons quite soon on seeing them, and your likes and dislikes are from the first.

You use language correctly and rather copiously when interested. You are not a great talker, but you talk correctly and are a good verbal critic. You are recognized as being very cautious, careful, anxious, solicitous about consequences; and also as being decidedly firm, persevering, tenacious of your way, and disposed to hold on and persevere until you have gained your end. You are neither very proud nor vain, but have enough

of both of these qualities to lead you to respect yourself and value the good opinion of others. You are rather more independent and self-relying than you are proud and haughty in your feelings; exhibit more of the feeling of independence than of self-love. You are quite well qualified to take care of yourself and maintain your place in society. You are uniform in the general tone of your character and habits; are not often angry; seldom sour or cross in your disposition, and when you have occasion to resent you do it with a good deal of prudence. You are never boisterous or rash; but when you once take a dislike to persons you seldom make up with them afterwards, for if you have occasion to fall out with others it will be for a cause sufficient to make you remain in that same relation to them.

You should have naturally a good appetite, but it is not such an appetite as would imply gross eating; you have no great desire to gratify a mere gustatory pleasure; though you feel the need of food and easily become rested and reinvigorated by its use. Your social brain renders you domestic; disposes you to have a few particular friends and enables you to be truly devoted to those few.

You have a strong sense of parental responsibility;

are interested in children; not exceedingly fond of them—still are rather devotedly attached to them.

You are not forward in the society of gentlemen, and receive the attentions of but few comparatively; and yet you are prepared to appreciate a man for his talents, his principles, or his moral worth, and can enjoy his society when conversing upon proper subjects; but you never would tolerate familiarities. You are comparatively indifferent to sexual influences, and if you were to marry, would marry the *mind* rather than the person of the individual.

In your moral faculties Hope, Spirituality, [credenciveness] and Veneration are not predominant in the character. Your main desires, morally, grow out of your benevolence and conscientiousness. You desire to do good and rather gladly render service. You also appreciate the principles of justice, and are quite particular to do what you think is right; but you are not marvelous, extravagantly hypothetical, visionary, or particularly carried away with the unseen and untried. You are governed mostly by what you know; by your experience and your judgment.

You are not very witty. You enjoy fun occasionally, if it comes right; but you are not given to fun, and you

could write a funny article better than you could sit down and have a funny time with a funny person.

You remember faces and outlines very well; can draw well; are good in spelling, reading and proof reading; enjoy natural scenery and traveling quite well and easily treasure up information. You have more refinement than poetry; more ability to appreciate things as delicate and decidedly nice and exquisite, than you have to appreciate the bombastic, extravagant or highly wrought.

You are adapted to business, and would succeed in some business department. You would also do well in teaching, and you have some talent as a writer, but you would please a thinking community better than a fanciful, poetical taste.

Your character would be better balanced if you had more fun, more gaiety, more enthusiasm, and less cautiousness. You need more warmth of mind; more of the vital temperament to throw magnetic influences into what you say and do, so as to draw people around you. [It is not necessary to tell friends that such development had occurred, where all acknowledge it; and it had been manifest for several years prior to her decease—called forth and cultivated by her position.] As you are now constituted you are respected and valued

more than you are loved; exert a restraining influence over society rather than to require society to restrain you. Your constitution, originally, is decidedly good, which you derive from your father, and from his side of the house. You are naturally able to endure more than most persons, but you had not the right start to begin with, so that your constitution was not made so much of as it otherwise might have been. [The phrenologist should have known the fact that MRS. ANDREWS was the victim of medical mal-practice—a wreck caused by its erroneous teachings.]

You are particularly inclined to conceal all your unpleasant feelings, so that you do not tell others the cause of your sorrows, or even let them become acquainted with the fact that you suffer at all.



REPRODUCTION

OF AN

Extemporaneous Address,

DELIVERED IN THE

TABERNACLE BAPTIST CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE FUNERAL OF

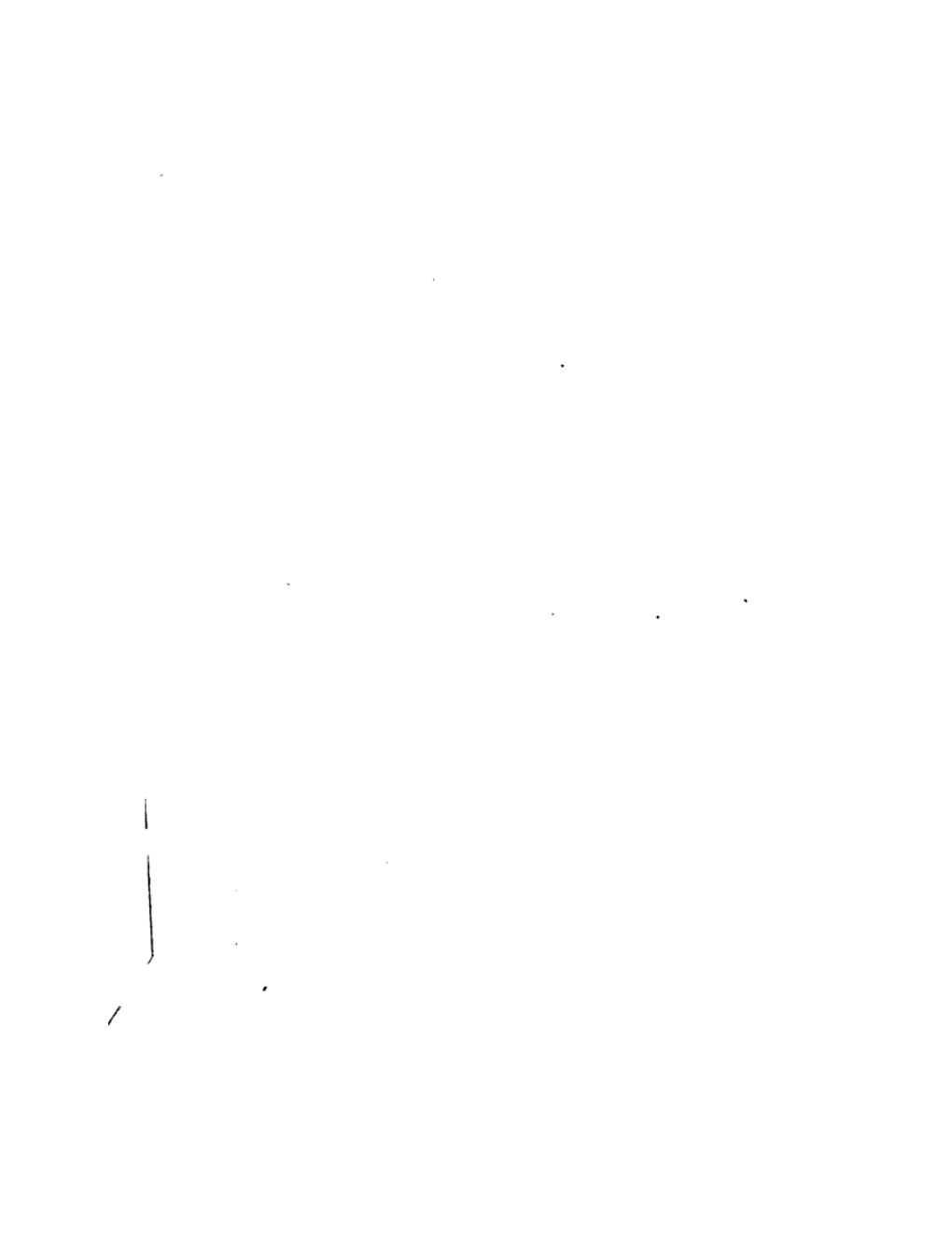
M R S . H A N N A H S . A N D R E W S ,

September 19th, 1867.

BY

R E V . J . P . L U D L O W ,

PASTOR.



A d d r e s s .

ONCE again the Angel of Death has invaded our circle and stricken down the honored and the loved.

We tarry in this house of God a moment, while conveying the body of our friend to her peaceful repose in the City of the Dead. We are all familiar with such scenes as this; but our gathering here to-day has a significancy not to be mistaken. We have met to show our respect for the departed one. It is all we can now do for the one who never hesitated to do for us whatever lay within her power to comfort and to cheer.

She was OUR FRIEND. And this word spoken of *her* means something more than what the hollow-hearted world would understand by friendship. In *her* friendship there was a wealth of sacrifice, of heart sympathy, and of devotion to our happiness, which only those who knew *her* longest are at all prepared to measure rightly.

or appreciate. I have wished it had been my lot to know her better, that I might more faithfully pay this humble tribute to her virtue; but we all know right well that her life was ever too intent upon her high, self-constituted mission to admit of any intimate acquaintance ship aside from the direct sphere of her activity. From another, personally dear to me, I have learned what I had not known myself, concerning our departed friend.

Mrs. ANDREWS was born at Bridgeton, Maine, Dec. 12, 1816; hence at the time of her decease was fifty years, nine months and five days old. Arriving here in the spring (June) of 1854, she almost immediately entered upon that work, and assumed those duties to which she has ever devoted herself with a wonderful assiduity and unfaltering constancy; I mean the alleviation of human suffering by the system of water cure, of which she was so enthusiastic a disciple.

Although herself long afflicted with a terribly painful and incurable disease, she toiled on and suffered on, with a self-sacrificing heroism which was *so far above all ordinary human experience*, that it seldom has been and *scarcely could be rightly appreciated*, even by her dearest friends. As an index to her character this

single fact is exceedingly suggestive to us, now that she has crossed the river.

In her *elf forgetful devotion to others* was concentrated a zeal, a benevolence, a sympathy, a courage, a power of endurance, and a cheerfulness withal, which the world is but very seldom privileged to find in any one. Constantly was she ministered to others—to many of you who hear me now—when she herself was suffering *tenfold more than they*; and this too, with no accompanying plaint; no moan of pain, or utterance to indicate that she was suffering so much. O! how this living lesson of heroic endurance *should* have taught her patients; aye, how it *would* have taught them, if they only could have known it then. But in this very thing we find illustrated the unobtrusive, uncomplaining character of her nature; and as we read and know it now, she “being dead still speaketh.”

As an exhibition of his phase of her character, and as saying better than I may be able to, just what I would wish to say concerning her, permit me to read to you an extract from a little book I find upon my library shelves, entitled “*Springs of Action*,” by Mrs. C. H. Richards, p. 220:

“When I went to the town of P.... to reside, I

became acquainted with a very lovely lady, whose vivacity and wit and always fresh sympathies were a continual source of pleasure to me. I knew her some time before I learned the fact that she was just re-entering the world after a long illness. In the weeks of our acquaintance she had never referred to her sufferings, and I could hardly credit it when her sister gave me some account of them. I remembered then, how fresh all her enjoyment of life seemed, and said to her, 'I have often asked myself if I should ever make others happy by such unaffected and earnest participation in their interests and enjoyments.' 'Ah!' she replied, 'I had grown so weary of myself that I cannot be thankful enough for the ability now to forget myself, mind and body, and live with ardor for others. My friends were always very kind in proffering sympathy to me. It made me happy to know it was sincere; but it did tire me exceedingly to be so often the one subject of conversation and of thought to myself and others.' 'But, M——, most people seem to think that a long illness gives them extraordinary claims to consideration, similar indeed to those indeed which a hero or a martyr would seem to have. The will relate circumstantially all their aches and pains, till they come to be as capital

to them both in their own family and in society. You are the most exemplary invalid I ever knew. You have the most sensible nerves, and the most discreet aches that ever came under my observation.' " "And thus," the author adds, "the delicacy and unselfishness of withholding all this obtrusive and generally disagreeable personality is often to me a *key that unlocks a whole character.*" "

Had this authoress been acquainted with our departed friend she would indeed have had this "key," for if this was ever true of any one, it was true of her.

For Mrs. ANDREWS to know that she had blessed another by affording comfort or relief, and to be assured that her efforts were appreciated by the other, was to her the *very highest earthly reward*. To my own wife she remarked the day before she died, and when her mind was struggling against the influence of disease, "Oh! I do not know, after all, that I am of much use—that I have been of any great help or comfort to others." "Oh! yes," was the reply, "dear Mrs. ANDREWS, you have been to *me* a great, great comfort, and have afforded very great relief!" "Oh! have I," she replied, "have I really been a comfort to you? then I am so happy, oh! so glad!" And this, too, said when

her physical frame was quivering in its very dying agony.

Her spiritual nature never ceased to hold supremacy over her physical. Her mind continued to sway its sovereign scepter over her body, making it ever subservient to her noble will, until at last, exhausted with disease which could not despoil her spirit, the tenement of clay gave way, and her freed soul returned to God, who gave it. In no one direction, perhaps, did her disease exhibit a controlling influence upon her mind, unless in that she was inclined to sorrow that she had not done more for others. Oh! I have no words to express the degree of heroism manifested in thus suffering on, and on, with the certain knowledge of no possible relief, and yet *living for others*, instead of mourning over her own state; yea, to forget herself in her devotion to her noble mission!

Among the many excellencies of her character, MRS. ANDREWS was conspicuous for being

GENEROUS.

A spirit so ready to sacrifice its life for others could not be otherwise. One who knew her well said, "I never knew a more benevolent person." She was also

CHEERFUL.

The magic charm of her quiet, happy gentleness has led to many of you an influence more potent

to soothe and give you courage than any other panacea. Like some mesmeric spell, it has been often felt, even where it has not been recognized nor understood. MRS. ANDREWS was

U N O S T E N T A T I O U S .

Pomp, display, or self-esteem, as the world understands it, found no place in her active mind, nor did her heart ever betray a desire, or her lips indicate a purpose to assume for herself even that meed of praise to which she was sq justly entitled. *She* would be the last one to proclaim her merits, even to her friends. This was the more apparent from her natural retiring disposition.

The mission of her life was clearly recognized by her, and to it she consecrated all her powers. Outside of the sphere in which her mission lay, she was hardly known at all. The circle of her friends is almost exclusively restricted to those of her own sex, as they were those to whom she ministered; and outside of this she did not go. She was also

I N D U S T R I O U S .

In the constant conflict between her active mind and suffering body, she could not, and she *would not* be idle. When not directly ministering to the afflicted, her hands were ever busy on some token of affection

for her friends. Some piece of needle-work or article of female industry was always by her side to attest this fact. And she was ever

HOPEFUL.

In secular embarrassments or financial difficulty, when all seemed dark ahead, and the present and the future were alike enveloped in the clouds of uncertainty and perplexity, her mind soon rallied, and with a consciousness of God's overruling wisdom, her hopeful smile would prove her words sincere—"it is, and it will be, all right!"

In nothing, perhaps, was her character more marked, (unless it be in her patient, self-forgetful suffering,) than in *her discrimination in the selection of her friends*. She seemed to have an intuitive gift of weighing character, which seldom led her to make a mistake. With her, *character*, and character only, above and beyond all the fictitious and accidental circumstances of wealth and station, was the condition of friendship. It, therefore, needed not the long acquaintanceship of years to ensure her ardent attachment; and the firmness of her adherence to friends, and to whatever she espoused as TRUTH, is worthy of our admiration.

And yet once more. *The purity of her mind and purity of her life* must not pass unnoticed. Those who *knew her best* unite in the assertion that they never

knew a mind more pure in its conceptions, and more removed from every form of impure utterance, than hers. Her purity of life needs no other attestation than the character of those she claimed as friends, and those who gather around her bier, to-day, as mourners.

Of her religious creed or faith I am not advised. *The coffin is not the place for creed.* The creed must come *before the coffin*, if it is to mould the heart and control the life. Sure I am, however, that with so pure a life, and a mind of such high development, the great subject of religion was not a stranger to her profoundest thought. Said a lady to me while she was robing her body for its burial, "Mrs. ANDREWS' life has been the expression of a most consistent Christianity." I know that in her last hours, no disturbed visions of unrest made her afraid. Her agony was that of the body only. I also know—and to me it is a thought of the greatest comfort and of the most cheering assurance—she said to a lady friend (herself a Christian) who ministered at her bedside only the afternoon before she died, and while she was in intense physical suffering, "My only comfort in this hour is in the consciousness of my Saviour's presence and sustaining grace."

And now we go to bear her body to the tomb. Let her life not be without its lesson to each one of us. All that I have said of her, I am assured will meet the

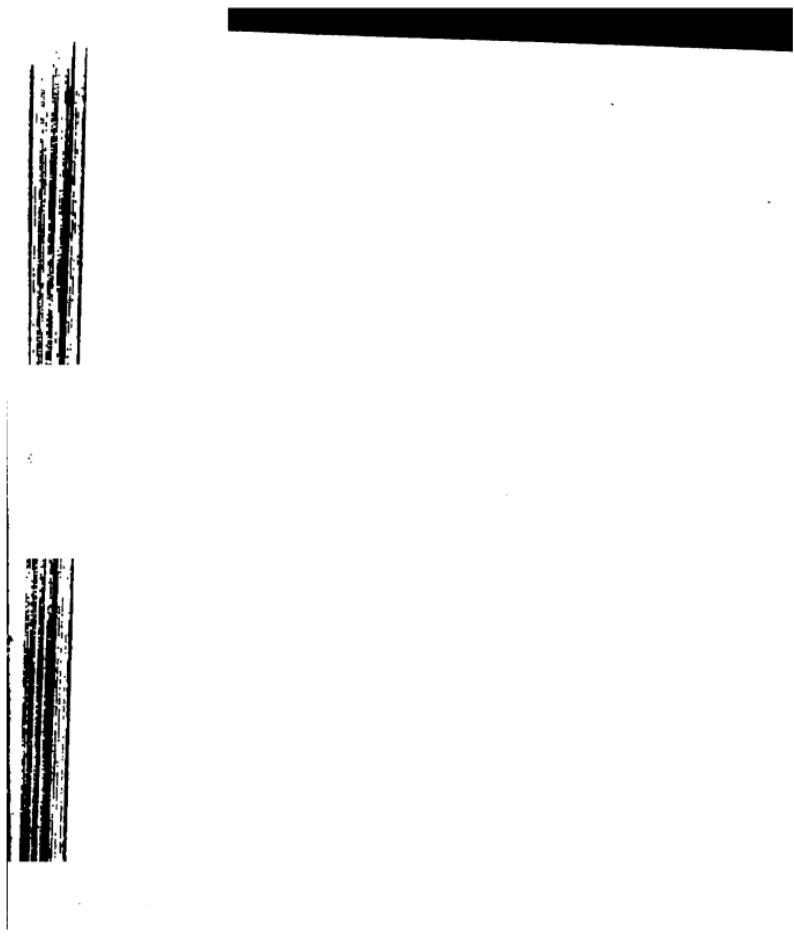
endorsement of every one who has listened to my words, and those who knew her best will the more heartily attest its truth. Let us each strive to live as Jesus lived; and in spending our lives for the good of others, may we receive, as our Sister has received, the consciousness that we have not lived in vain. And may we all at last, through Christ, receive the heavenly commendation, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

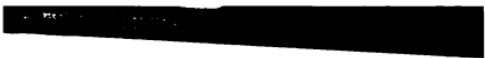


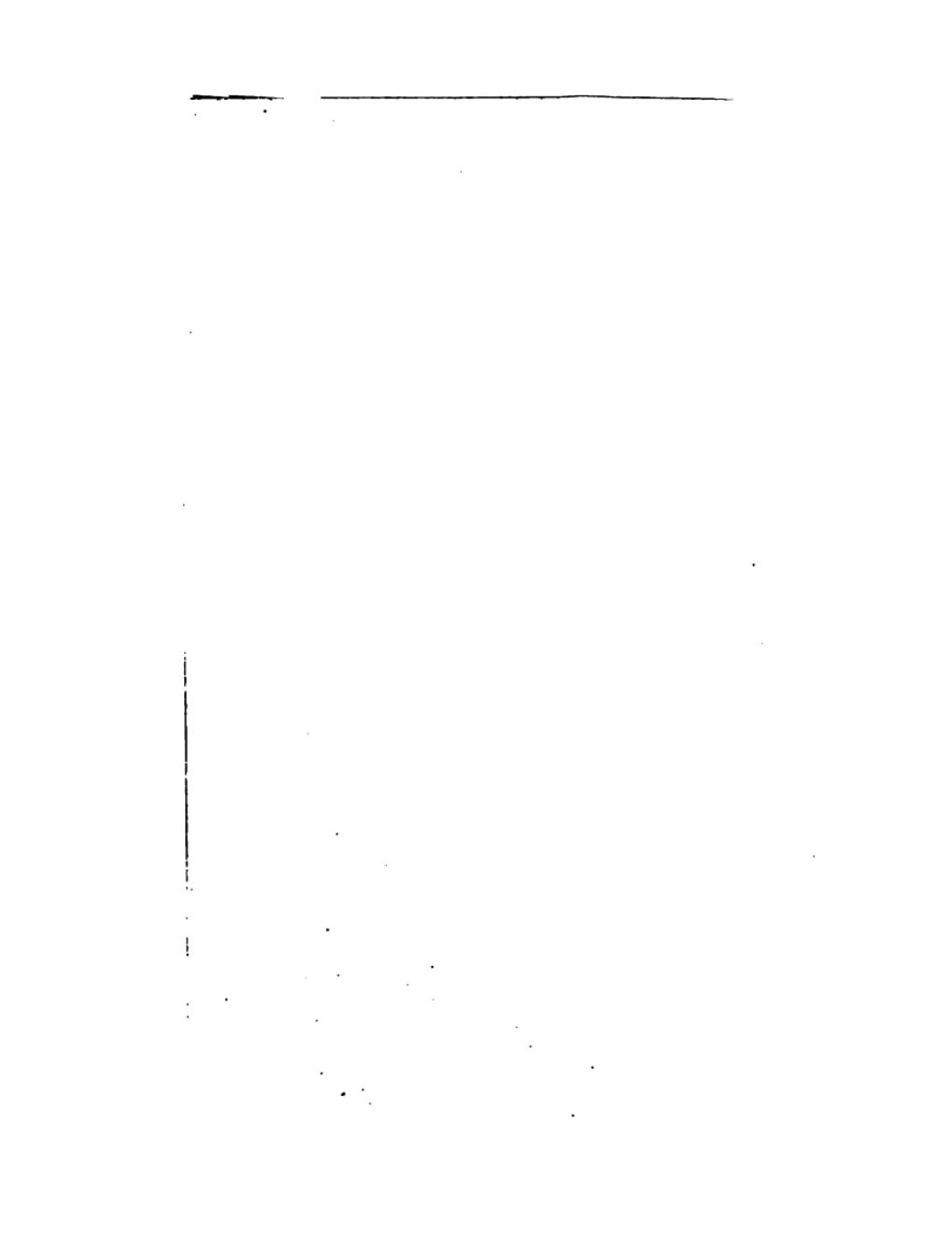


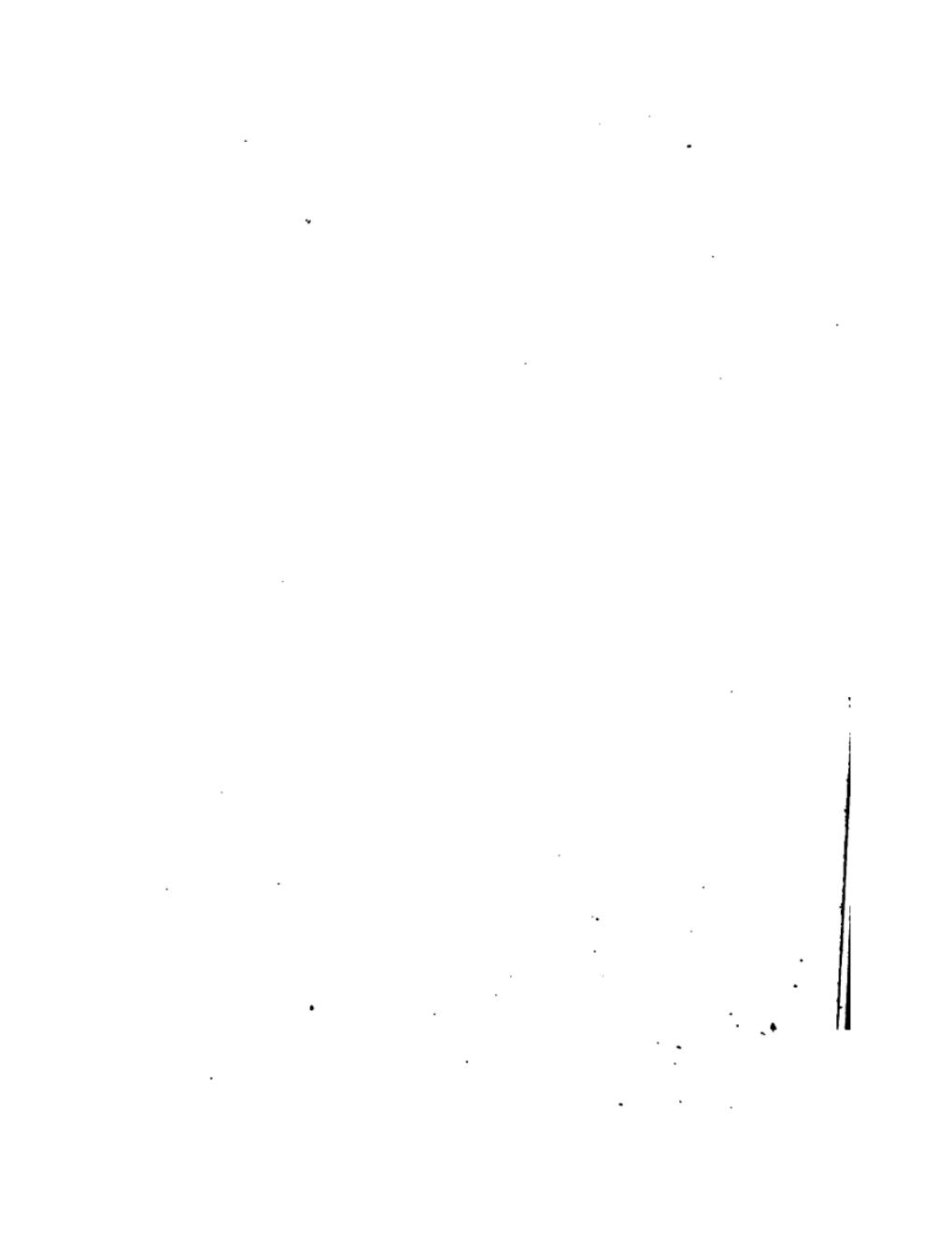












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